TERROR

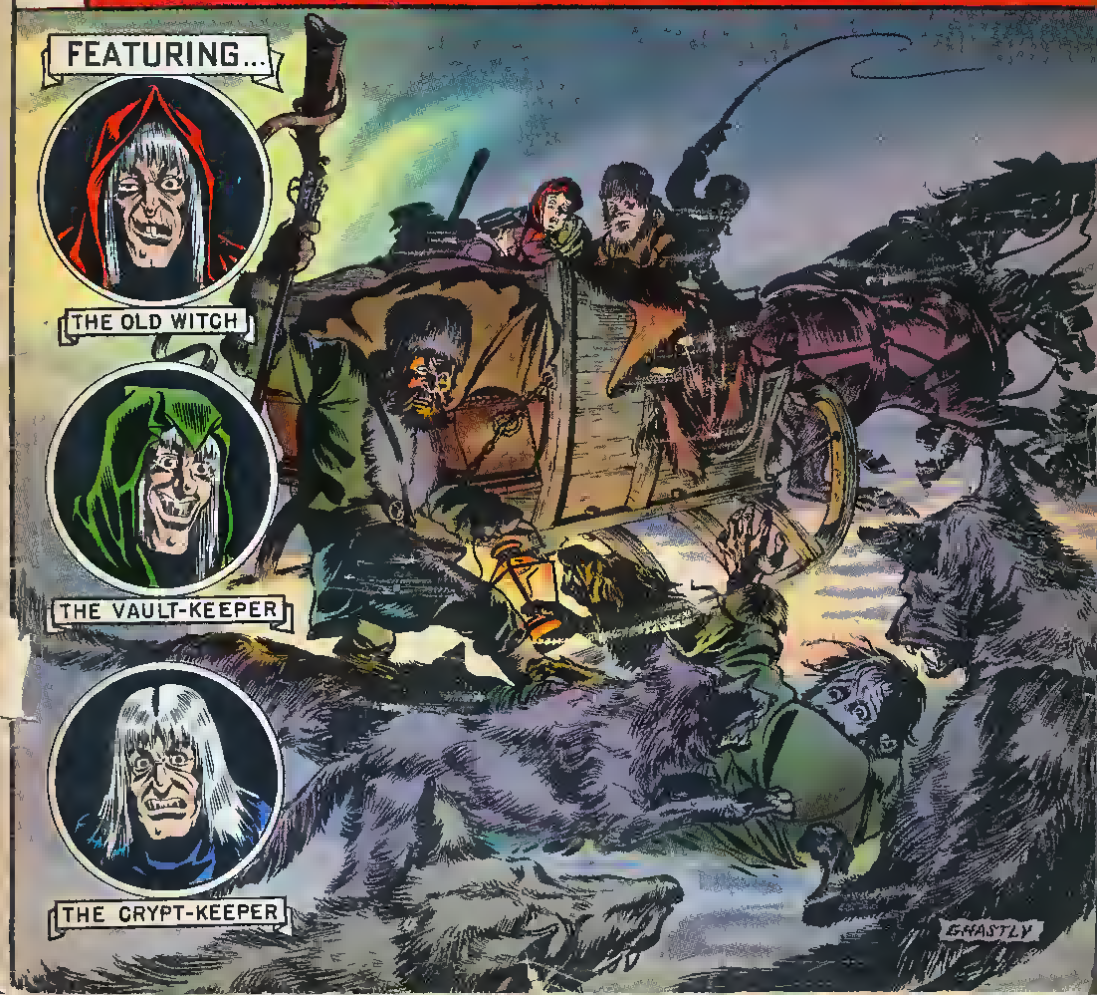
HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

NO. 13
JUNE

10¢



IF YOU LIKE THE TALES IN THIS MAGAZINE...

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

BE SURE TO READ THE LATEST EXCITING YARNS ALWAYS FOUND IN THESE OTHER "NEW TREND" E-C COMICS!

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THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! I SEE BY YOUR FLUSHED FACES THAT YOU'RE BACK FOR MORE *MORSELS OF MADNESS, CRAZILY CONCOCTED* BY *ME, THE OLD WITCH, MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* WELL, THE FIRE UNDER MY *CAULDRON* IS LIT, AND THE *REVOLTING RECIPE* IS *READY* FOR *RETCHING!* SO COME IN, DEAR FIENDS, AND SIT DOWN BESIDE ME! DON YOUR *DRIBBLE-CUPS,* KNOT YOUR NAPKINS ABOUT YOUR NECKS, AND I'LL DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY *TASTY TALES OF TERROR!* I CALL THIS *MORBID MOUTHFUL...*

FOR THE LOVE OF DEATH!

MORTON MACAWBER DREW ASIDE THE CURTAIN AND PEERED OUT AT THE DESERTED STREET! HE LOOKED UP AND DOWN, SCOWLED, AND CURSED TO HIMSELF...

HMMMM! *BLASTED NEWSPAPER BOY!* HE'S *LATE* AGAIN! WHY CAN'T HE *EVER* GET HERE *ON TIME?*

FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN MINUTES, NORTON PACED THE FLOOR NERVOUSLY, WAITING FOR THE FAMILIAR SOUND OF THE NEWSPAPER LANDING ON THE FRONT PORCH..

NEXT TIME THAT BRAT COMES FOR HIS *MONEY*, *I'LL* TELL HIM A *THING OR TWO!* HE...

THE DULL THUD OUTSIDE HALTED MR MACAWBER'S RAVING! HE DARTED TO THE WINDOW AND PEERED OUT ANXIOUSLY! A SMALL BOY ON A BICYCLE PEDALED OFF DOWN THE STREET...

IT'S *HIM!* HE'S *BEEN* HERE! IT'S *ABOUT TIME!*

MORTON FLUNG OPEN THE FRONT DOOR AND RUSHED OUT TO THE FOLDED PAPER LYING ON THE WEATHERBEATEN PORCH

PLEASE *PLEASE* LET THERE *BE ONE..PLEASE.*

BACK INTO THE HOUSE THE WILD-EYED MAN SCURRIED, CLUTCHING THE PAPER TO HIS CHEST...

THERE *WASN'T* ONE *YESTERDAY*.. OR THE DAY *BEFORE!* *TWO WHOLE DAYS WITHOUT ONE!* THERE *HAS* TO BE ONE *TODAY!* *PLEASE!*

FEVERISHLY, MR. MACAWBER UNFOLDED THE PAPER AND BEGAN FLINGING THE UNWANTED SECTIONS TO THE FLOOR

WORLD NEWS, *BAH!* *LOCAL* NEWS, *PHEW!* *FINANCIAL!* *REAL ESTATE!* AH! *HERE IT IS!* *OBITUARIES...!*

MORTON'S GLANCE SPED UP AND DOWN THE OBITUARY COLUMN! SUDDENLY, HIS SOMBER COUNTENANCE EXPLODED IN A LEERING GRIN..

THERE *IS* ONE! *THERE'S A* *FUNERAL* *TODAY!*

DAILY

HAPPINESS, *SHEER ECSTASY*, SHOWED ON MORTON'S FACE AS HE READ THE DETAILS..

'ABNER P WIGGINBOTTOM, BELOVED HUSBAND AND FATHER, PASSED AWAY' SO AND SO .SUCH AND SUCH .OH! *HERE!* 'SERVICES WILL BE HELD AT THE TERMINAL FUNERAL PARLOR AT 1.PM *TODAY!*' LET'S SEE! IT'S 12.15 NOW! I CAN *STILL MAKE IT!*

MORTON WHISTLED A CHEERFUL LITTLE TUNE AS HE DRESSED HURRIEDLY IN HIS BLACK SUIT! IT WAS JUST 1 P.M. WHEN HE ARRIVED AT THE TERMINAL FUNERAL PARLOR! HE JOINED THE LINE OF MOURNERS THAT WERE PASSING BEFORE THE OPEN CASKET
WHAT AN EXQUISITE COFFIN! HOW NICE THE DECEASED LOOKS! MY..A SATIN LINING!
AFTER PAYING HIS RESPECTS TO THE DEAD MR WIGGENBOTTON, MORTON TOOK A SEAT AT THE REAR OF THE CHAPEL AND AWAITED THE SERVICES
TOO BAD MR WIGGINBOTTOM CANNOT APPRECIATE THE DIGNITY HE NOW ENJOYS! IT'S SUCH A SHAME THAT ONE HAS TO DIE TO BE TREATED WITH SUCH ADORATION AND REVERENTIAL REGARD! PROBABLY, WHILE HE WAS ALIVE, HIS LOVED ONES HUMILIATED HIM!
A TEAR STOLE OUT OF THE CORNER OF ONE OF MR MACAWBER'S EYES AND DRIBBLED DOWN HIS CHEEK AS HE LISTENED TO MR WIGGINBOTTOM'S FUNERAL ORATION.
—BUT HE LEAVES BEHIND THE WARMTH, THE LOVE, THE KINDNESS HE SO UNSELFISHLY GAVE TO ALL WHO CROSSED HIS PATH OF LIFE! IN CONCLUSION
ABNER SOUNDS LIKE HE WAS SUCH A GOOD MAN
AFTER THE FUNERAL SERVICES, MORTON FOLLOWED A SMALL GROUP TO ONE OF THE WAITING CARS! ALL THE WAY TO THE CEMETERY HE STUDIED THE OTHER SOBBING PASSENGERS...
NOW THAT HE'S DEAD, THEY MOURN HIM! THEIR TEARS FALL FOR HIM
WHEN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION REACHED THE CEMETERY, MORTON FOLLOWED THE OTHERS TO THE OPEN YAWNING GRAVE
THIS IS THE ONE TIME IN A PERSON'S EXISTENCE WHEN HIS EVILS ARE FORGOTTEN AND HIS VIRTUES ARE EXTOLLED...EULOGIZED!
AS THE COFFIN WAS LOWERED SLOWLY INTO THE BLACK PIT, MR MACAWBER REFLECTED
IF ONLY MAN WOULD TREAT HIS FELLOW MAN WITH THIS RESPECT AND LOVE ALL THROUGH HIS LIFE-TIME INSTEAD OF AFTER HE IS DEAD!
THEN THE RICH BLACK SOIL RESOUNDED ON THE COFFIN-LID AS THE GRAVE WAS FILLED! MORTON MACAWBER SMILED SADLY
THAT IS WHY I COME TO EVERY FUNERAL I CAN! BECAUSE HERE, AT LEAST, I CAN WATCH A PERSON BEING TREATED WITH THE DIGNITY HE NEVER ENJOYED WHILE HE LIVED!
3

AFTER THE GRAVE WAS COVERED AND THE OTHER MOURNERS HAD DEPARTED, MR. MACAWBER STROLLED AMONG THE GRAVESTONES, READING THE INSCRIPTIONS AND THE EPITAPHS ETCHED IN THEM.

'FENWICK APPLEBY!' AH! I *REMEMBER* HIS FUNERAL! IT WAS SO *STATELY!* AND 'MATILDA NICKELBUNY!' *THERE* WAS A *FINAL NOMAGE!*

AH, MATILDA! WHAT A FUNERAL *YOU* HAD! BEAUTIFUL! *JUST BEAUTIFUL!* AND *YOU*, FENWICK! TOO BAD *YOU* COULDN'T APPRECIATE THE SPLENDOR OF *YOUR FINAL RITES!* AND YOU, ALOIOUS...FANNY...ABNER

IN MEMORY

TOO BAD *ALL OF YOU* COULDN'T EXPERIENCE THE *DIGNITY* AND *SOLEMNITY* YOU RECEIVED!

AS FOR MYSELF, I AM *ALONE* IN THE WORLD! *MY* FUNERAL WILL *NEVER* HAVE SUCH *POMP*... SUCH *LAVISHNESS* AS YOURS HAD! OH, IF IT WERE ONLY *POSSIBLE* FOR *ME* TO ENJOY IT... *JUST ONCE*...

GULP... BUT... *WHY NOT?*

MORTON MACAWBER WALKED ALL THE WAY HOME FROM THE CEMETERY THAT NIGHT... FORMULATING HIS PLANS...

PHINEAS WINKLESON! HE'S THE RICHEST MAN IN TOWN! HIS FUNERAL WOULD *REALLY BE SOMETHING!*

AND I'D KNOW HOW IT *FEELS*... EVERY *MOMENT* OF IT! THE LYING IN STATE... THE FUNERAL ORATION, THE SOLEMN RIDE IN THE FLOWER-BEDECKED HEARSE... THE LOWERING OF THE COFFIN INTO THE GRAVE... *EVERYTHING!* IT WOULD BE *HAPPENING TO ME!*

HEE, HEE! NUTTY AS A FRUIT-CAKE, THIS MORTY-BOY, EH, KIDDIES! OID YOU EVER WANT TO KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO BE THE STAR ATTRACTION AT A FUNERAL? WELL! IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE! LET'S GO ON AND SEE WHAT MORBID MACAWBER HAS IN MIND!
THAT NIGHT, MORTON CUT THE OBITUARY NOTICE OF THE FUNERAL HE'O ATTENOEO THAT DAY FROM THE NEWSPAPER AND PASTED IT IN HIS SCRAPBOOK..
HMMM! NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND NINE! NOT BAO...FOR ONLY TWO YEARS...
YEP! THIS CREEP'S BEEN WATCHIN' THE 'OBITS' AND ATTENDING FUNERALS FOR TWO YEARS! NOW HE'S SET ON SEEING HOW IT ACTUALLY FEELS... INSTEAD OF JUST WATCHIN'!
AFTER FINISHING THE SCRAP-BOOK-PASTING, MORTON WENT INTO THE KITCHEN
I'LL HAVE TO FOREGO THE OPEN-COFFIN CEREMONY FOR THE SAKE OF SAFETY! THIS KNIFE WILL DO NICELY!
LATER THAT NIGHT, MORTON CROUCHED IN THE BUSHES OUTSIDE THE WINKLESON MANSION...
OLD PHINEAS ALWAYS TAKES HIS CONSTITUTIONAL BEFORE RETIRING! I'VE SEEN HIM SO MANY TIMES! AH! HERE HE COMES NOW!
OLO PHINEAS CERTAINLY WAS SURPRISED WHEN MORTY SPRANG FROM THE BUSHES! WHY, YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED HIM OVER WITH A FEATHER! MORTY USED THE KNIFE...
AAARRRGGHHHH!
IN FACT HE USED IT A GREAT DEAL! HE PRACTICALLY DEFACED PHINEAS..
SORRY, MR. WINKLESON BUT I MUST MAKE SURE YOUR FAMILY REQUESTS A CLOSED-COFFIN CEREMONY.
WHEN MR. MACAWBER LEFT MR. WINKLESON, THERE WAS NO OOUBT ABOUT THAT! EVEN AN EXPERT UNDERTAKER OIDN'T STAND A CHANCE
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE..
5

THE NEXT DAY, MORTON READ OF MR WINKLE-BOTTOM'S UNTIMELY DEMISE IN THE NEWSPAPER! THE OBITUARY COLUMN CARRIED THE INFORMATION HE NEEDED.
HERE IT IS! 'SERVICES WILL BE HELD AT THE APODOSIS FUNERAL PARLOR AT NOON TOMORROW'!
DAILY
MORTON PROCEEDED WITH FURTHER ARRANGEMENTS
I'LL PAY YOU FIFTY DOLLARS, AMOS! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STAY OUTSIDE THE FUNERAL PARLOR. FOLLOW THE PROCESSION. SEE WHERE THEY BURY OLD PHINEAS AND COME AND DIG HIM UP.
DIG HIM UP? I DUNNO! FIFTY DOLLARS, HUH? THAT SURE IS A LOT OF MONEY!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO OPEN THE COFFIN, AMOS! JUST UNCOVER IT!
GONNA ROB THE GOLD FROM HIS TEETH, EH, MR MACAWBER?
NOTHING LIKE THAT!
OKAY! OKAY! DON'T GET SORE!
YOU WON'T FAIL ME NOW, AMOS?
DON'T WORRY, MR MACAWBER! I'LL DO IT!
LATE THAT NIGHT, MORTON PRIED OPEN THE REAR WINDOW OF THE APODOSIS FUNERAL PARLOR.
THERE! THAT WAS EASY!
AFTER SOME INVESTIGATING, MORTON FOUND OLD PHINEAS'S COFFIN.
AH! HERE YOU ARE, MR WINKLESON! COME NOW! I'M TAKING YOUR PLACE! YOU'LL NEVER MISS ANYTHING AND YOUR FUNERAL WILL MEAN SO MUCH TO ME!

MORTON LIFTED MR WINKLESON'S BODY FROM THE CASKET AND CARRIED IT TO THE CELLAR...
BY THE TIME THEY DISCOVER YOUR BODY DOWN HERE IT WILL BE TOO LATE!
HIDING THE BODY CAREFULLY AMIDST THE CELLAR'S TRASH, MORTON RETURNED UPSTAIRS...
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL COFFIN! SATIN-LINED! BRASS HANDLES!
MORTON CLIMBED INTO THE COFFIN AND CLOSED THE LID...
I'M FINALLY GOING TO KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO HAVE A LUXURIOUS FUNERAL...
MORTON LAY IN PHINEAS'S CASKET ALL THAT NIGHT AND THROUGH THE MORNING, DRINKING IN THE SOLEMNITY OF THE SITUATION! HE REVELED IN IT'S PLUSH INTERIOR, LISTENING TO THE SOBBING AS THE MOURNERS BEGAN TO FILE IN TOWARDS NOON...
THEY'RE CRYING .. FOR ME!
OUTSIDE THE FUNERAL PARLOR, AMOS WAITED PATIENTLY FOR THE SERVICES TO TAKE PLACE...
CRAZY OLD MACAWBER! OH, WELL! FIFTY BUCKS IS FIFTY BUCKS!
INSIDE MORTON LISTENED TO THE SCRATCHING ON THE COFFIN LID AS THE FLORAL WREATHS WERE PLACED UPON IT...
AH...WHAT EXOTIC AROMAS! FLOWERS.. FOR ME!
THE COFFIN WAS ROLLED INTO THE CHAPEL! MORTON LISTENED TO THE GLIDING WHEELS...THE ORGAN MUSIC...THE WHIMPERING MOURNERS...
THE SERVICES ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN! SERVICES...FOR ME!

SOON THE SOLEMN VOICE OF THE ORATOR WAS HEARD, FILLING THE CHAPEL! MORTON DRANK IN THE WORDS...THRILLED AT THE HOMAGE PAID TO THE DECEASED...

...AND WHEN A MURDERER'S KNIFE TOOK THIS BELOVED MAN FROM HIS DEVOTED FAMILY, IT TOOK FROM THEM GREAT JOY AND HAPPINESS...

THE FUNERAL EULOGY DRONED ON, EXTOLLING THE DECEASED PHINEAS WINKLESON AND MORTON GRINNED IN HIS COFFIN! AT LAST HE WAS EXPERIENCING THE DIGNITY AND ADORATION GIVEN TO A DEPARTED! AT LAST HE WAS ENJOYING A FUNERAL FROM THE *DEAD* MAN'S POINT OF VIEW...

...AND WITH THESE FINAL WORDS, THE SERVICES ARE AT AN END! THOSE WHO WISH TO...

AH! *NOW* I WILL BE *CARRIED TO THE HEARSE!* I WILL KNOW HOW IT *FEELS* TO BE LIFTED BY *PALL-BEARERS...*

MORTON LISTENED TO THE SHUFFLING OF FEET AS THE PALL-BEARERS MOVED TOWARD THE COFFIN...

THOSE WHO WISH TO *LEAVE* MAY DO SO AT THIS TIME!

MORTON DID NOT *HEAR* THE STRANGE REQUEST! HE WAS TOO ENTHRALLED WITH THE RAPTURE OF BEING BORN ALOFT BY MANY STRONG HANDS.

AND NOW—IN RESPECT TO THE DEPARTED ONE'S *DESIRES* AND *INSTRUCTIONS*, WE *COMMIT* HIS LAST REMAINS

NOR DID MORTON MACAWBER HEAR THE DRAPES AT ONE END OF THE CHAPEL DRAW OPEN AND THE HUGE IRON DOOR SWING WIDE! ALL HE KNEW WAS HIS COFFIN WAS MOVING FORWARD—WITH DIGNITY—WITH SOLEMNITY.

...WE *COMMIT* HIS LAST REMAINS TO THE *CONSUMING FIRES OF THE CREMATORY!*

HEE, HEE! THAT'S A *HOT* ONE, EH, KIDDIES? BY THE TIME MORTY-BOY REALIZED WHAT WAS *HAPPENING*, HE WAS *PRETTY BURNED UP!* THE ROARING FIRE AND 'ADORING' SOBS OF REMORSE FROM THE MOURNERS *DROWNED OUT* HIS SCREAMS! SO MORTY FOUND OUT WHAT IT *FELT* LIKE TO ENJOY ONE'S OWN FUNERAL! IT GAVE HIM A *WARM FEELING...THROUGH AND THROUGH!* BY THE WAY! *AMOS* FINALLY *GAVE UP WAITING* FOR HIS FIFTY-BUCK DEAL AFTER A COUPLE OF HOURS! BUT THE *VAULT-KEEPER WON'T*...SO I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO HIM FOR *HIS TERROR TID-BIT!* SEE YOU LATER!

-THE END-

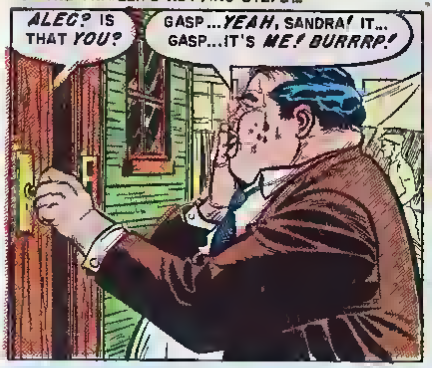
THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! A *HORROR* STORY SHE CALLS THAT! HAH! *BAH!* FUNNY ANIMALS WOULD SCARE BABES MAYBE! *I'LL* TELL YOU A *HORROR STORY!* YES, IT'S *THE VAULT-KEEPER,* WELCOMING YOU ONCE MORE TO *THE VAULT OF HORROR!* COME IN! I FEEL *REAL SHARP* TODAY! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT! I *CALL* THIS *SPINE-TINGLING, BLOOD-CURDLING, HAIR-STANDER...*

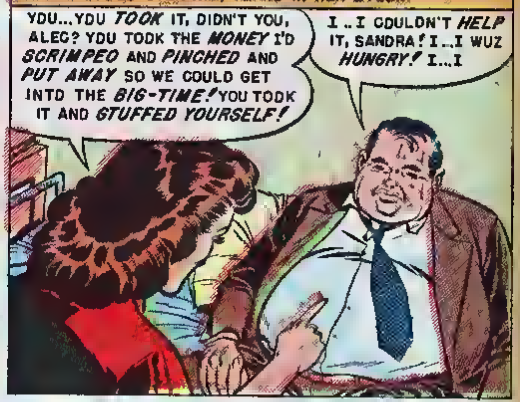
FED UP!

THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS TEEMED WITH EXCITED THRILL-SEEKING CUSTOMERS! CALLIOPE MUSIC FILLED THE SUNNY AIR! CHILDREN SQUEELED WITH JOY AS THE HUGE CARROUSEL WENT 'ROUND AND 'ROUND! LOUD-VOICED BARKERS MADE THEIR PITCHES BEFORE SEAS OF OGLING FACES...

BUT OFF THE JAMMED MIDWAY, JUST BEYOND THE LAUGHTER AND NOISE, A MAN MOVED TOWARD A DILAPIDATED TRAILER! THE MAN WAS HUGE ... OBESE! HIS BREATHING WAS HEAVY AS HE LABORED UP THE TRAILER'S ROTTING STEPS...

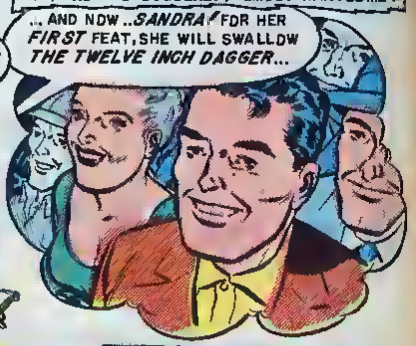


THE TRAILER DOOR SWUNG OPEN AND THE HULKING FIGURE ENTERED! HE FLOPPED ONTO A WELL-WORN STUDIO-BED! THE WOMAN STOOD OVER HIM, TEARS IN HER EYES...



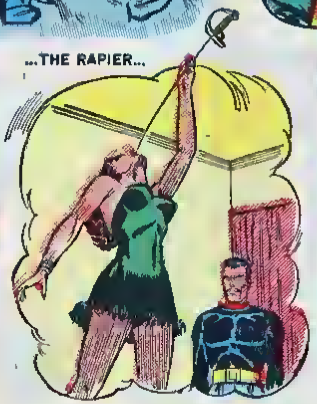
THE FAT ONE'S VOICE FADED AS HE STAMMERED OUT ANOTHER OF HIS FEEBLE EXPLANATIONS! THE WOMAN WASN'T LISTENING! SHE'D HEARD THEM SO MANY TIMES BEFORE! HIS VOICE DRONED ON...AND ON...JUST LIKE 'THE GREAT GALAGO'S' VOICE HAD DONE TEN YEARS BEFORE... THE DAY SHE'D FIRST MET ALEC...

GALAGO'S INTRODUCTORY SPEECH ALWAYS DRAGGED LIKE THAT! SANDRA USUALLY LOOKED AROUND AT THE CUSTOMERS WHILE HE MADE HIS PITCH! ALEC WAS IN THE CROWD, GRINNING UP AT HER! ONLY HE WASN'T FAT THEN! HE WAS BIG, BROAD-SHOULDERED, ALMOST HANDSOME.



SANDRA'D GONE THROUGH HER ACT AS USUAL! THE DAGGER...

...THE RAPIER...



. AND THE 30 INCH SWORD..

AND THEN SHE'D STEPPED BEHIND THE BACKDROP TO LET GALADO WIND UP THE PERFORMANCE WITH HIS FAMOUS NEON-SWORD-SWALLOWING FEAT...
WATCH, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS THE NEON-SWORD PASSES DOWN INTO MY STOMACH! YOU WILL SEE THE SHADOWS OF MY RIBS...MY HEART...EACH ORGAN OF MY BODY..
EXCUSE ME! PARDON ME... PLEASE..
GALADO WAS BIG-TIME! HIS NEON-SWORD WAS FAMOUS! SANDRA WAS JUST A DECORATION FOR HIS ACT...A COME-ON FOR THE MALE-TRADE! ALEC CAME AROUND TO THE BACK AS SOON AS SANDRA'D GOTTEN OFF THE STAGE! HE'D WALKED OUT ON THE NEON-ACT! SANDRA WAS QUITE FLATTERED...
YOU SAY YOU SAW MY PERFORMANCE? BUT YOU'RE MISSING THE BEST PART OF THE SHOW RIGHT NOW..
NO I'M NOT! THE BEST PART OF THE SHOW IS RIGHT HERE!
THAT WAS ALEC TEN YEARS AGO! A SWEET-TALKING FLATTERER! SANDRA FELL FOR HIS LINE..FELL HARD...
WHAT DO YOU NEED HIM FOR, SANDRA? YOU COULD BE A STAR BY YOURSELF!
I...I DON'T KNOW..
LISTEN! I COULD BE YOUR BARKER! WE'D GO FROM CARNIVAL TO CARNIVAL... HAUL IN THE DOUGH BY THE SACKFULS! WHAT D'YA SAY?
DO YOU REALLY THINK I'M GOOD ENOUGH, ALEC?
GOOD ENOUGH? BABY! YOU'LL BE BIG-TIME INSIDE OF A YEAR! JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE!
ALL RIGHT, ALEC! I'LL DO IT!
SO, SANDRA'D QUIT GALADO AND GONE OUT ON HER OWN! SHE AND ALEC WORKED HARD GETTING STARTED! FINALLY THEY LANDED A SPOT WITH A TRAVELING ROAD-SHOW...
IT'S A START, BABY! THE DOUGH ISN'T MUCH BUT IT'S A START!
BUT, ALEC! WE COULDN'T BOTH LIVE ON THAT SALARY!
NOT SEPARATELY, MAYBE! BUT... BUT TOGETHER WE'D MANAGE! I... I MEAN IF WE WERE MARRIED... IT'D BE EASIER...
OH, ALEC! DO YOU MEAN IT? ARE YOU PROPOSING? DO YOU WANT TO MARRY ME?
3

So Alec and Sandra were sliced-er spliced a year went by! Money was tight! Sandra went to the road-show manager...
You don't draw in enough customers to deserve a raise! Now, maybe if you could think up some gimmick to pull 'em in—y'know, some extra-special act...
I—I think I know just what you want, Mr. Munrabt! I—I think I know!
It... it's just impossible for Alec and I to save on what I'm earning! I thought... perhaps...
Look, Sanona! Swono swallowers like you ane a dime a dozen!
Sandra was thinking of the neon sword! It was just about that time that Alec began to eat! as if things weren't hard enough...
Alec! You mean you spent all of our food allowance already!
Well... I... I had a good meal tooay!
A good meal? I don't understano!
Don't you? Well I was sick and tired of eating the same old slop every day, so I went out and had me a steak! and it was good, too!
Oh, darling! I didn't mean to nag! I know how it is! We'll... we'll manage somehow! I'm glad you enjoyed it! You... you deserved it!
I... I like a decent meal once in a while!
But Alec's 'decent meals once in a while' came very often after that! He'd go out and order a huge dinner for himself, regardless of cost...
... and the pheasant-under-glass, lyonnaise potatoes, cauliflower, mixed green salad, relish dish, double cheese cake a la mode, and hot chocolate! Oh... and you better bring a thick steak!
Very well, m'sieu! Is... is this you will pardoon me... is this all for you?
And as the months flew by, and two... three years passed, Alec continued to gorge himself! He grew fatter and fatter...
Oh, Alec! I've been trying to save for that neon-sword for two years now! I haven't been able to put away a dime!
A guy's gotta eat! Kin I help it if I need lotsa food?

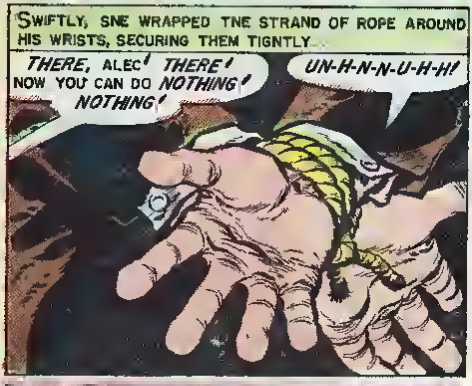
BUT SANDRA LOVED ALEC... SO SHE TOOK IT YEAR AFTER YEAR HE'D STUFFED HIMSELF INTO OBESITY! AND YEAR AFTER YEAR SANDRA'D TRIED TO SAVE...
S'MATTER, SANDRA? YOU CRYIN'?
SOB... SOB, IT... IT'S NO USE! WE'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE NOT THIS WAY!
DON' WORRY, SANDRA! YOU'LL BE BIG-TIME YET! YOU WAIT AND SEE! JUS' WAIT AND... BURRRP!
OH, ALEX! YOU'RE .. DISGUSTING!
HUH?
LOOK AT YOU! YOU EAT UP EVERY DIME WE GET! YOU'VE GROWN BIG AND FAT! EAT! EAT! EAT! THAT'S ALL YOU DO! EAT AND BELCH!
SANDRA! WHAT...? BURRRP!
FOR EIGHT YEARS I'VE TRIED TO SAVE... TO BUY A NEON-SWORD SO WE COULD GET INTO THE BIG-TIME! BUT I CAN'T SAVE A CENT! YOU SPEND IT ALL... STUFFING YOUR FACE!
AND THEN IT HAPPENED! THE ROAD-SHOW MANAGER'D TOLD SANDRA ONE DAY...
I'M GIVING YOU A FEW EXTRA DOLLARS A WEEK, SANDRA! PUT IT AWAY AND BUY THAT NEON-SWORD! YOUR ACT... COULD... USE... SOMETHING!
OH, THANK YOU, MR MUNRAB! THANK YOU!
SANDRA'D RESOLVED NOT TO TELL ALEC ABOUT THE EXTRA MONEY! EVERY WEEK SHE'D PUT IT AWAY BEFORE SHE GAVE ALEC THE PAY ENVELOPE...
SANDRA? YOU IN THERE? TODAY'S PAY DAY! GOT IT?
Y-YES, ALEC! JUST A MOMENT!
LATER, SHE'D HIDE IT IN THE TRAILER IN A SAFE PLACE! AFTER ABOUT TWO YEARS OF THIS DECEPTION SANDRA'D SAVED UP ALMOST ENOUGH TO BUY THE NEON-SWORD...
198, 199, 200! 200 DOLLARS! TWO MORE PAY-DAYS AND I'LL HAVE ENOUGH! THEN IT'S THE BIG-TIME FOR ALEC AND ME! AND HE CAN EAT TILL HE BUSTS!

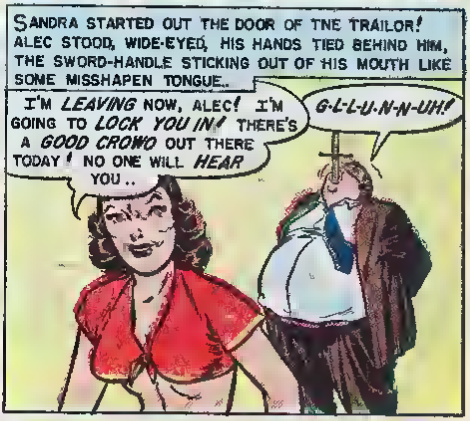
BUT JUST THAT AFTERNOON, SANDRA'D RETURNED FROM HER PERFORMANCE IN THE ODDITORIUM TO FIND...
THE MONEY! IT'S... IT'S GONE! ALEC MUST HAVE FOUND IT!
SO SHE'D WAITED FOR FAT, BELCHING ALEC! SHE'D WAITED AND BOILED! AND FINALLY SHE'D HEARD HIS ELEPHANTINE FOOTSTEPS ON THE TRAILER STAIRS..
ALEC? IS THAT YOU?
GASP.. YEAH, SANDRA! IT... GASP..IT'S ME! BURRRP!
NOW SHE WAS LISTENING TO HIS FEEBLE EXPLANATION! AND HIS VOICE WAS DRONING ON AND ON...
ALL RIGHT, ALEC! ALL RIGHT! THAT'S ENOUGH!
I COULDN'T HELP IT, SANDRA! I...
LOOK, ALEC! I'VE BEEN THINKING! I HAVE A PLAN! A PLAN TO GET US INTO THE BIG-TIME!
YEAH? WHAT IS IT, SANDRA!
I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU TO BE A SWORD-SWALLOWER TOO!
ME? OH, NO! NOT ME! I COULDN'T...
YES YOU COULD! I'D TEACH YOU THE SECRET... HOW TO RELAX YOUR THROAT! YOU'D LIKE TO EAT STEAKS AND PHEASANTS EVERY DAY, WOULDN'T YOU?
YEAH! SURE! BUT...
IT'S EASY, ALEC! HERE! LET ME SHOW YOU! STAND UP! NOW LOOK UP... UP HIGHER...
LIKE THIS...?
6

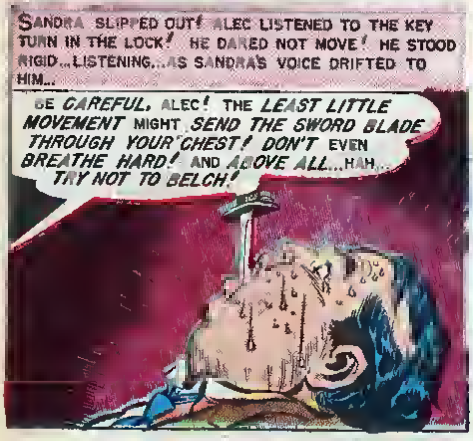
PERFECT, ALEC! NOW RELAX! HERE! TAKE THE SWORD! PASS IT DOWN... SLOWLY... SLOWLY...
I-I DON'T KNOW, SANDRA! I

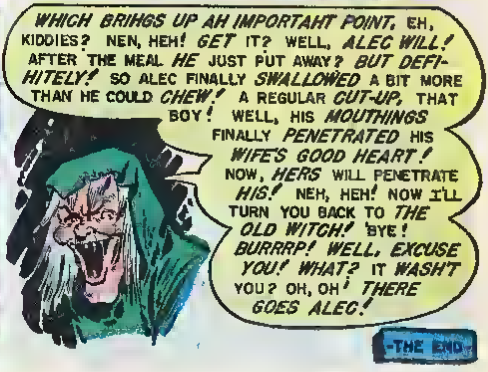
LITTLE BY LITTLE, SANDRA COAXED ALEC, TEACHING HIM TO RELAX HIS THROAT, UNTIL THE SWORD WAS DOWN...
THERE! SEE? THAT WAS EASY, WASN'T IT?
UN.. HUH...

SUDDENLY, SANDRA GRABBED ALEC'S WRISTS AND TWISTED HIS ARMS BEHIND HIS BACK.
GNN-N-N-N-G-G!


SWIFTLY, SHE WRAPPED THE STRAND OF ROPE AROUND HIS WRISTS, SECURING THEM TIGHTLY...
THERE, ALEC! THERE! NOW YOU CAN DO NOTHING! NOTHING!
UN-H-N-N-U-H-H!


SANDRA STARTED OUT THE DOOR OF THE TRAILOR! ALEC STOOD, WIDE-EYED, HIS HANDS TIED BEHIND HIM, THE SWORD-HANDLE STICKING OUT OF HIS MOUTH LIKE SOME MISSHAPEN TONGUE..
I'M LEAVING NOW, ALEC! I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU IN! THERE'S A GOOD CROWD OUT THERE TODAY! NO ONE WILL HEAR YOU..
G-L-L-U-N-N-UH!


SANDRA SLIPPED OUT! ALEC LISTENED TO THE KEY TURN IN THE LOCK! HE DARED NOT MOVE! HE STOOD RIGID...LISTENING...AS SANDRA'S VOICE DRIFTED TO HIM...
BE CAREFUL, ALEC! THE LEAST LITTLE MOVEMENT MIGHT SEND THE SWORD BLADE THROUGH YOUR CHEST! DON'T EVEN BREATHE HARD! AND ABOVE ALL...HAH... TRY NOT TO BELCH!


WHICH BRINGS UP AH IMPORTAHT POINT, EH, KIDDIES? NEN, HEH! GET IT? WELL, ALEC WILL! AFTER THE MEAL HE JUST PUT AWAY? BUT DEFINITELY! SO ALEC FINALLY SWALLOWED A BIT MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW! A REGULAR CUT-UP, THAT BOY! WELL, HIS MOUTHINGS FINALLY PENETRATED HIS WIFE'S GOOD HEART! NOW, HERS WILL PENETRATE HIS! NEH, HEH! NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE OLD WITCH! BYE! BURRRP! WELL, EXCUSE YOU! WHAT? IT WASN'T YOU? OH, OH! THERE GOES ALEC!
-THE END-

E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!
YOU'VE TELEGRAPHED!
YOU'VE PHONED!
YOU'VE THREATENED US!

SO HERE IT IS! THE MAGAZINE
YOU'VE DEMANDED!

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

ANOTHER
"NEW TREND"
SURE-FIRE WINNER!

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

Cautiously, looking up and down the gangway to make certain that no one was watching, Keller emerged from Fenton's stateroom. Pulling the knob toward him until he heard the lock click into place, Keller walked briskly away from the room which contained the corpse of the man he had just killed.

Fenton's own wristwatch would furnish the ironclad alibi he needed, Keller thought to himself. Resetting the hands of Fenton's purposely-smashed watch to indicate that the murder had occurred at exactly 2 o'clock, would make it appear physically impossible for Keller to have been the murderer. It was *1:45* now, he noted, glancing at his own wristwatch. By *2* he'd be in the company of witnesses who could be relied upon to swear that at the time of Fenton's death, *they* . . . the crew of the ocean liner's lifeboat . . . were busy rescuing Keller from the sea. For *that* was Keller's trump card: he was going to fall overboard "accidentally." Making certain, of course, that a witness was present on deck to see him hit the water. A witness was of the greatest necessity . . . for without someone to see him fall and then raise the alarm, the ship might continue on its way, abandoning Keller to quick death in the shark-infested waters.

Up on deck, Keller noted with satisfaction, there was only one other person present at the moment: leaning against the handrail 15 yards away, was a bulky man in a red mackinaw. Keller coughed loudly . . . the man turned at the sound and stared right

at him. Good, thought Keller, *he's seen me! Now, as soon as he looks away, I go over the side! The moment he sees me hit the water he'll start screaming . . . the rescue lifeboat ought to be headed back for me within 5 minutes, unless the Captain was just letting out wind about the speed of his crew's rescue operations. They should pick me up by 2 o'clock. And then, any time after that . . . while they're still questioning me about how the accident happened . . . the steward bringing Fenton's lunch will discover his body. But that watch stopped at 2 . . . and my rescue at almost the same moment . . . is the kind of evidence no prosecutor will ever break down!*

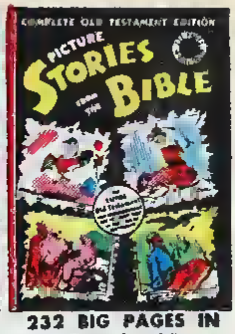
The moment to launch himself over the side of the ship had arrived, Keller realized. The would-be witness had turned away for a moment and was staring once again across the unrelieved vista of sleet-grey water. Keller clambered quickly to the handrail and without a moment's hesitation threw himself far out, to make sure he cleared the side of the craft. In an incredibly short time he felt himself smash against the sea and become engulfed by water. Then, at last, his head bobbed clear of the waves. The boat was steaming on past him. But the witness, Keller noted with glee, was staring right at him. In another moment the man would give the alarm . . . • • •

It was 10 minutes later . . . 10 minutes in which the ship's speed had continued unabated . . . that a young man in a junior officer's coat stepped out on deck and moved toward the bulky man in the red mackinaw.

"Time for your nap, sir," the officer said softly, taking the bulky man's arm. Then, carefully, he led the blind passenger in the red mackinaw to the doors which led to the first-class staterooms.

144 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Containing the complete story of the Life of Christ and Peter and Paul and the founding of the Early Christian Church. Included are maps showing Palestine at the time of Jesus and chronological indexes of principal events and Scripture references to episodes illustrated.



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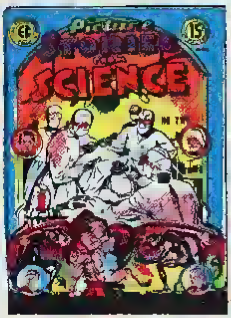
Here under one cover, in full color continuity, re-edited and arranged in chronological order, are *all the stories of the Old Testament heroes* from the four issues of the magazine. Printed in four colors throughout and bound with *brightly varnished heavy board covers.*



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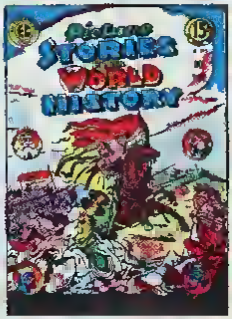

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THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Hee, hee! It seems that I have a culture-loving readership! Since I published a poem sent me by the boys in Pine Hill Cemetery, other artistic offerings along the same morbid lines have poured in. And lately, since I've been entertaining you with torrid-terror-tunes from my horrid-hit-parade, many mad-music lovers have sent me revolting-requests! Billy Barnett of Brooklyn, N. Y., Arnold Pollet of Tacoma, Wash., and Gertrude Ashley of Denver, Colo., requested the following slobbering selections:

FANGS FOR THE MEMORY
GHOUL OF MY DREAMS
OOZE SORRY NOW?
YOU'RE THE SCREAM IN MY COFFIN
MY MUMMY DONE TORE ME
SLIME ON MY HANDS
MY ADOBE MAUSOLEUM
SUMMER CRIME
THE LITTLE WHITE SHROUD THAT DIED
POLLUTED WATERS
MY BOO HEAVEN
MY BODY LIES FULL OF A POTION
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MOURNING

Of course, there were many others but they were too *ghastly* to publish! As far as the poetry goes, a gentleman who signs himself Edgar Allen Poet (actually Bob Brothers of Gonzales, Texas) sends in this gem of American literature:

I had a little vampire friend
Her teeth were white as snow,
And everywhere the vampire went
She wanted me to go!

She took me to a grave one night
To visit with a ghoul;
It made me lose my appetite
To see those creatures drool!

Janice Lopez of Ft. Walton, Florida sends in TWO poems! Isn't SHE the busy little bee?!

Three hungry ghouls
Three hungry ghouls!
See how they thirst
See how they thirst!
They all ran after the mortician's wife
And slit her throat with a carving knife
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As three hungry ghouls?

Janice's second offering is shorter but more to the point!

The spring has sprung
The grass has risen
I wonder where
The bodies is!

Stanley Sherman and Leo Martinez of N. Y. C. sent in the following eulogy to your three GhouLunatics . . .

The Crypt-Keeper and Old Witch were walking one day
When they met the Vault-Keeper, while on their way.
"Relax," cried the Old Witch, "We're working too hard,
"Let's take a stroll in the pretty graveyard!"
They were sucking the blood from each other's throat
When a vampire bat dropped them a note.
"Don't loiter in the graveyard, you ugly old crones
"Or we'll finish you off and we'll pick on the bones!"
So they ran toward the gate, shaking like shingles
When Lo and Behold they met Graham Ingels!
"Good evening, friend ghouls," he quietly said
While he carefully put on his very best head.
"Look out," cried the Crypt-Keeper, pointing down low
For Ingels was slowly devouring his toe!
"You'll poison yourself," the Old Witch did cry
"With the food that they feed me, a termite would die!"
Then they all shook hands and became good friends
And that is how our story ends!

Gene Fagin of Philadelphia, Pa completed a song started by the Vault-Keeper (to the tune of the Anniversary Waltz).

Oh how we danced on the night you were bled
I looked at your face and then lopped off your head!
The night was all grey as the ghosts fled away
The vampires returned to their graves before day
Now that I have you so securely chained
Your screams have stopped, for your blood I have drained,
My fangs bit deep and I drank my fill
My darling I love you still!

And now, before I close this classy conclave, just a reminder! Pictures are still available nobody buys them so naturally they're still available! hee, hee 25c gets for you (and who would want them!) the set of 5 by 7 autographed photographic reproductions (this means they ain't hand-drawn but *actual!*) of the three GhouLunatics me and the other two crumbs! And while we're sucking money, for 75c you can get a subscription to my mad-mag (or any other E.C mad-mag for that matter!)! Just send the moola along with your worst enemy's clearly printed name and address, and we'll mail him the next six nauseating issues a full year's disgusting supply! Send picture orders, money, subscription orders, money, poetry, money, drawings, money, fan mail, and/or money to:

The Old Witch
Room 706, Dept 13
225 Lafayette Street
N Y C 12, N Y

HERE'S A CHILLING LITTLE YARN... UP TO A POINT...

MINOR ERROR!

THE OLD HOUSE HAD STOOD EMPTY FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS BEFORE SOMEONE BOUGHT IT! THE KIDS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAD HEARD THAT A MAN AND A BOY HAD MOVED IN! BUT FOR NEARLY THREE MONTHS AFTER THE MOVING-VAN HAD UNLOADED THE FURNITURE, NO ONE HAD SEEN THE YOUNGSTER! ONE SUMMER EVENING.

HEY! IT'S GETTIN' *OARK!* LET'S PLAY *NIDE 'N SEEK!*

YEAH! *GOOD IDEA!* HOW 'BOUT...

LOOK! LOOKA THE *OLD HOUSE!* THERE'S A *FACE* IN THE WINDOW!

THE ASHEN COUNTENANCE OF A TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY PEERED OUT AT THE GATHERED KIDS BELOW...

GEE! THAT MUST BE THE *NEW KID* THAT MOVED IN!

GOSH, HE LOOKS *SICKLY!*

HEY! C'MON OUT, KID!

THE CHILD'S WIDE-EYED, PALE FACE DISAPPEARED FROM THE WINDOW.
HE'S GONE!
HE LOOKED SCARED STIFF!
LOOK! THE FRONT DOOR
THE FRONT DOOR TO THE OLD HOUSE OPENED AND A MAN CAME OUT! HE CARRIED A LARGE CARTON TIED WITH STRING.
IT'S THE OLD GUY WHAT BOUGHT THE HOUSE!
GEE! DON'T HE LOOK MEAN?
THE MAN'S FACE WAS A RIGID MASK SET WITH A CRUEL EXPRESSION! HE STARTED DOWN THE STREET.
LET'S ASK HIM WHY THE KID CAN'T COME OUT AN' PLAY!
YOU ASK 'IM! NOT ME!
C'MON! DON'T BE A SCAREDY-CAT! I'LL ASK! HEY, MISTER!
THE HARD-FACED MAN TURNED AS THE KIDS TROTTED UP TO HIM.
YEAH? WHAT D'YUH WANT?
SAY, MISTER! WHY CAN'T YOUR LIL' BOY COME OUT AN' PLAY WITH US? WE AIN'T EVER MET 'IM AN' IT'S BEEN ALMOST THREE MONTHS SINCE YOU...
THE MAN'S FACE GREW PURPLE WITH RAGE! HIS LIPS DREW BACK IN A SNARL, EXPOSING SHARP LITTLE DISCOLORED TEETH.
G'WAN! SCRAM! MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! EZRA AIN'T NEVER COMING OUT! NEVER. D'YOU HEAR? AND DON'T YOU HANG AROUND THE HOUSE! I DON'T LIKE PRYIN'!
GEE! S-SURE, MISTER! WE D-DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM! WE WUZ J-JUST ASKIN'!
THE MAN STAMPED OFF ANGRILY.
THE OLD GRAB!
GOLLY! I'D HATE TO HAVE HIM AS MY OLD MAN!
I SEEN HIM COME OUT EVERY NIGHT AT THIS TIME! MOMMA SAYS HE WORKS AT NIGHT!
WHAT'S HE GOT IN THE BOX?
I DUNNO! HE NEVER CARRIED IT BEFORE!
C'MON! LET'S PLAY HIDE 'N SEEK! IT'S GETTIN' LATE!
2

THE NEXT DAY THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS WERE ALL EXCITED ABOUT THE MURDER THE PREVIOUS NIGHT...
IT SAYS 'THE MURDERED MAN'S BODY WAS COMPLETELY DRAINED OF ITS BLOOD!'
VAMPIRES!
AW, SHUDDUP! THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING!
OH, NO? I READ IN A COMIC BOOK ONCE... I THINK IT WUZ CALLED THE HAUNT OF...
LISTEN TO THIS! 'A CARTON WAS FOUND AT THE SCENE! IT'S THE POLICE'S ONLY CLUE!'
A CARTON! GEE... LAST NIGHT...
AW, DON'T GO PLAYIN' DETECTIVE!
WELL, HE WUZ CARRYIN' A CARTON!
SO WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
LATER THAT AFTERNOON...
WHAT'LL WE DO T'NIGHT? HOW 'BOUT PLAYIN'...
HOW 'BOUT SEEIN' IF WE CAN GET TO TALK TO THAT NEW KID!
NOT ME, BOY! HIS OLD MAH LOOKS AWFUL MEAN!
AW, C'MON! THE SOUR-PUSS WORKS AT NIGHT! WE'LL WAIT UNTIL HE LEAVES!
TOWARDS EVENING...
THERE HE GOES! HE'S GOT A CARTON AGAIN!
WE'LL WAIT TILL HE TURNS THE CORNER!
POOR KID! HE NEVER GETS OUT...
FINALLY THE NEW ARRIVAL IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD DISAPPEARED AROUND THE CORNER AND WAS GONE! THE KIDS HURRIED ACROSS THE STREET...
HEY, KID!
HEY, EZRA!
C'MON OUT!

THE DOOR TO THE OLD HOUSE CREAKED OPEN AND A PALE WHITE FACE APPEARED...
HI, EZRA!
HI, EZ!
G..GO AWAY! IF MY UNCLE..
YER UNCLE? GOLLY! IT AIN'T HIS OLD MAN!
IF MY UNCLE FINDS OUT I SPOKE TO YOU, HE'LL.. HE'LL...
WHY DON'T YER UNCLE LET YOU COME OUT AN' PLAY, EZ?
I DON'T KNOW! HE DOESN'T WANT ME TO TALK TO ANY-BODY!
WHERE'S YER MOM 'N POP? HUH? WHY DO YOU LIVE WITH HIM?
M..MY MOTHER AND FATHER ARE D..DEAD! UNCLE TAKES C..CARE OF ME N..NOW!
GEE! THAT'S TOO BAD!
HEY, EZ! YER SHIVERING! BETTER PUT SOMETHIN' ON!
Y..YES! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
EZRA WENT INTO THE HOUSE! HE CAME OUT AGAIN WITH A JACKET DRAPED AROUND HIS SHOULDERS! A JACKET THAT WAS MUCH TOO LONG FOR HIM...
IT..IT'S ONE OF MY UNCLE'S SUIT-COATS! I DON'T HAVE MUCH CLOTHES!
HEY! LOOK! ON THE JACKET!
BLOOD-STAINS!
HUH? OH! UNCLE IS ALWAYS GETTING STAINS ON HIS JACKETS! I HAVE TO WASH THEM OUT!
STAINS LIKE THEM? BLOOD STAINS?
UH... HUH!
W...W...WELL, S...S'LONG, EZRA! WE'LL SEE YUH AGAIN!
YEAH! G'BYE, EZRA! SEE YUH!
AS THE KIDS DARTED DOWN THE BLOCK...
I TOLD YUH THE GLD CRAB DID IT!
HE'S A VAMPIRE!
GEE! GOLLY!
4

THE NEXT DAY, THE KIDS READ ABOUT THE SECOND STRANGE KILLING...
JUS' LIKE THE FIRST ONE! BLOOD ORAIHED AN' ALL!
AN' THEY FOUND AHDTHER EMPTY CARTOH!
WHAT'LL WE DO? IF WE TELL THE COPS EZRA'S UNCLE IS A VAMPIRE...
WE'RE NOT SURE YET! WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE!
THAT NIGHT, THE KIDS CROUCHED BEHIND THE BUSHES OPPOSITE EZRA'S HOUSE ..
HERE HE COMES! HE'S CARRYIN' A CARTON AGAIN!
SH-H-H! WE'LL FOLLOW HIM... BUT STAY OUT OF SIGHT!
DUCKING BEHIND FENCES, LAMP-POSTS, TREES, AND ANY OTHER HIDING PLACE, THE KIDS FOLLOWED EZRA'S UNCLE...
HE'S STOPPING!
SOMEONE'S COMIN' THE OTHER WAY!
HE'S HITTIN' HIM ON THE HEAD!
I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!
SH-H-H!
HE'S TAKIN' SOMETHIN' OUT OF THE CARTON!
IT... IT'S A GALLON JUG!
HOLY COW! HE'S DRAININ' THE BLOOD INTO THE JUG!
I FEEL SICK!
C'MON! WE SEEN ENOUGH!
NO WONDER HE KEEPS EZRA LOCKED UP! HE'S AFRAID EZRA'LL TALK!
WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!
THE COPS'LL NEVER BELIEVE EZRA'S UNCLE IS A VAMPIRE!
THEN WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY HIM OURSELVES! VAMPIRES SLEEP DURING THE DAY! NOW, HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO...

THE NEXT DAY, THE KIDS CLIMBED THROUGH A WINDOW OF EZRA'S HOUSE ARMED WITH A HAMMER AND A SHARPENED WOODEN STAKE ..

THERE HE IS! ASLEEP! JUST LIKE I SAID!

PUT THE STAKE OVER HIS CHEST! HURRY!

OKAY! SLAM IT! SLAM IT HARD!

QUICK!

HERE GOES!

A SHRIEK OF PAIN ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE AS THE HAMMER FELL UPON THE STAKE AGAIN AND AGAIN..

HE...HE'S... GASP..HE'S DEAD!

HE...HE'S SUPPOSED TO FALL INTO DUST!

AW..YOU AN' YOUR COMIC BOOKS!

C'MON! LET'S GO FIND EZRA!

THE KIDS SEARCHED THE HOUSE.. BUT NO SIGN OF EZRA! SUDDENLY...

HEY! DOWN HERE... IN THE CELLAR!

C'MON!

OH..GOLLY!!

THE OTHER TWO BOYS RUSHED TO THE CELLAR! THE ONE WHO'D CALLED STOOD BEFORE THE OPEN COFFIN, STARING WITH WIDE FRIGHTENED EYES! EZRA SLEPT SERENELY! HIS BLOOD-STAINED LIPS WERE CURLED IN A SLIGHT SMILE! THE EMPTY GALLON JUG STOOD ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HIS COFFIN.

H-HE...HE'S ASLEEP!

H-HE'S THE VAMPIRE!

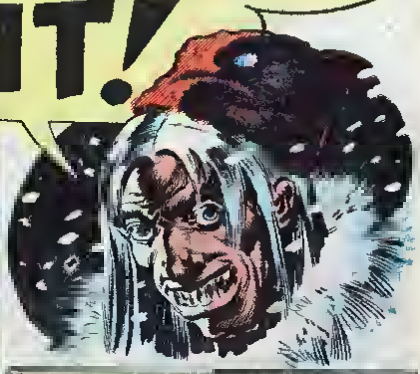
W-WE...WE MADE A MISTAKE!

YOU SURE DID, KIDDO! BUT THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T READ MY COMIC BOOK CAREFULLY! VAMPIRES SLEEP IN COFFINS..NOT BEDS! AND THEY DRINK BLOOD THEY DON'T COLLECT IT! YEP! LIL' EZRA WAS THE VAMPIRE! SO WAS HIS MOMMY AND DADDY! UNCLE WAS JUST TAKING CARE OF HIM BECAUSE HE LOVED THE CHILD! OF COURSE, THAT MEANT GETTING BLOOD FOR THE THIRSTY LIL' TYKE! AT LEAST TILL HE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO GO OUT AND GET HIS OWN! AND IF YOU'D LIKE TO GET YOUR OWN... PICTURE OF ME, THAT IS READ MY COLUMN, THE OLD WITCH'S NITCHE! 'BYE, NOW!

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! YEP, IT'S *ME* AGAIN! YOUR HOST IN *THE CRYPT OF TERROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER!* COME IN! COME IN! BUT *WATCH YOUR STEP!* AH... *STEPPE!* SAY! THERE'S A NICE LOCATION FOR A *HORROR STORY!* THE *FROZEN, SNOW-COVERED STEPPES OF OLD IMPERIAL RUSSIA... B.S.!* (BEFORE STALIN!) AND I HAVE *JUST THE YARN!* IT'S *BOUND* TO MAKE YOU *HOWL FOR JOY!* I CALL THIS *TERROR-FYING TALE* OF *TUNDRA-TREMORS...*

WOLF BAIT!



DESPITE THE BITING WINTER WIND THAT SWEEPS ACROSS THE TREELESS RUSSIAN TUNDRA, THE HORSE'S MANGEY COAT IS BATHED IN PERSPIRATION! THE PANTING ANIMAL STRAINS AT THE SLEIGH-HARNESS... GALLOPING PAINFULLY ACROSS THE TREELESS SNOW-COVERED WASTELAND...

FOR THIS IS NUSSIA AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY .WHEN SLEIGHS ARE THE ONLY MEANS OF TNANSPORTATION ACNOSS THE STEPPES OR NORTHERN PLAINS, AND STARVING WOLVES HUNT IN PACKS! EVEN NOW, THE YELPING, HOWLING GNEY SHADOWS LEAP ACROSS THE GLISTENING WHITE AFTER THE SPEEDING SLEIGH...

THEY ARE *GAINING* ON US!

I HAVE ORLY *TWO MORE BULLETS!* HOW MUCH LONGEN IS IT, IVAN?

THE FUR-CLAD DRIVER OF THE SLEIGH SCREAMS INTO THE PIERCING WIND...

FIFTEEN MILES! *SHOOT* STOP THEM FOR A WHILE! OUR HORSE WILL *COLLAPSE* AT THIS SPEED!

WAIT! YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS, NETZKA! WAIT UNTIL ONE GETS *CLOSER!*

THE YOUNG OFFICER CALLED NETZKA SIGHTS DOWN THE BARREL OF HIS RIFLE AT THE DROOLING, HOWLING WOLVES CLOSING IN BEHIND THE SLEIGH...

JUST A LITTLE CLOSER! JUST A LITTLE...

THE STARVING ANIMALS, INSANE WITH THE GNAWING PANGS OF HUNGER, THEIR EYES BURNING LIKE WHITE-HOT COALS, LEAP UP ABOUT THE SLEIGH, THEIR FANGS SLASHING, THEIN SPITTLE SPLATTENING..

NOW, NETZKA! *NOW!*..

BLAM!

THE YOUNG OFFICER'S AIN IS TRUE! A WOLF FALLS, SHRIEKING, IN THE SNOW! THE WHITE ANOUND IT SOAKS CRIMSON.

GOOD SHOT! *GOOD SHOT!*

THE SCENT OF BLOOD DRAWS THE REST OF THE PACK FROM THE SLEIGH AND THEY SPNIRG UPON THEIR FALLEN COMPANION. NIPPIRG, TEARING, DEVOURING...

THE FRIGHTENED PASSENGERS IN THE SLEIGH WATCH THE GORY SIGHT FADING IR THE DISTANCE...

SOOR THEY WILL BE UPON US AGAIN ONCE THEY HAVE STNIPPED THE WOUNDED ONE'S FLESH FROM ITS BONES!

HOW FAR *NOW*, IVAN? I HAVE BUT ONE SHELL LEFT!

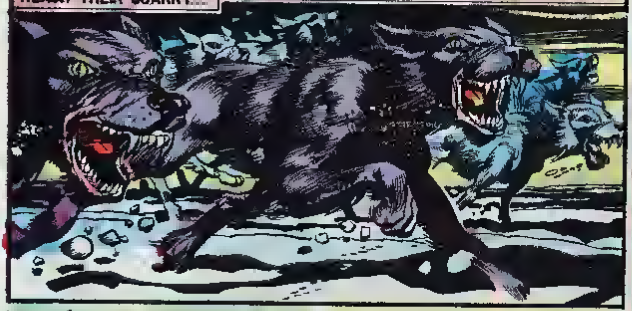
THINTEEN FOURTEEN MILES! WE WILL BE LUCKY IF WE MAKE IT!

THE WOMAN BEGINS TO SOB! SHE DRAWS HER INFANT CHILD CLOSER.. TEARS FILLING HER EYES...
DO NOT CRY, VANYA! IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT! WE WILL GET THROUGH!
WE MUST... WE MUST GET THROUGH!
VANYA LOOKS UP AND SMILES SADLY...
MY HUSBAND IS WAITING FOR ME! HE HAS NOT EVEN SEEN OUR BABY! HE HAS FOUND A PLACE FOR US TO LIVE! I.. I MUST GET THROUGH...
THE WOMAN NAMED VANYA CLOSES HER EYES! HER THOUGHTS GO BACK... BACK TO THAT TIME SO LONG AGO WHEN SHE'D SAID GOOD-BYE TO HER HUSBAND...
THIS IS THE CHANCE I HAVE WAITED FOR, MY DARLING!
BUT, THE BABY...
YOU WILL HAVE YOUR BABY, VANYA! THEN YOU WILL COME TO ME! I WILL FIND A PLACE FOR US TO STAY! DO NOT WORRY! THINGS WILL BE GOOD WITH US FROM NOW ON!
IF YOU MUST GO, THEN GO, MY DEAR ONE! WE WILL COME TO YOU! I... AND OUR CHILD!
THE SLEIGH CONTINUES ON ACROSS THE FROZEN TUNDRA! BEHIND, THE HOWLING GROWS LOUDER ONCE MORE! THE WOLF-PACK HAS FINISHED DEVOURING THE FALLEN MEMBER AND IS OVERTAKING IT AGAIN...
HOW FAR NOW, IVAN?
TWELVE MILES! BE CAREFUL! DO NOT WASTE YOUR LAST SHOT, NETZKA!
THE YOUNG OFFICER RAISES HIS RIFLE ONCE MORE! HE SMILES AT THE DRIVER..
I WILL BE CAREFUL, IVAN! I WANT TO GET THROUGH AS MUCH AS ANYONE! MY BRIDE-TO-BE AWAITS ME! MY AIM WILL BE TRUE!
YOU ARE TO BE MARRIED, NETZKA? CONGRATULATIONS!
THE WOLVES ARE UPON THEM ONCE AGAIN! THEIR CRUEL-LOOKING TEETH FLASH BENEATH DRAWN-BACK LIPS! THEIR INFURIATED EYES ARE LIKE BALLS OF FIRE! NETZKA'S FINGER CLOSES AGAINST THE RIFLE-TRIGGER.
BLANG!
YOU HIT ONE, NETZKA! YOU HIT ONE!

ONCE AGAIN, THE WOLVES FALL UPON THEIR WOUNDED COMPANION, ABANDONING THE FLEEING SLEIGH ..
WE WILL BE ALL RIGHT FOR ANOTHER MILE OR SO NOW, EH, NETZKA?
BUT THE YOUNG OFFICER DOES NOT HEAR! HIS THOUGHTS ARE FAR AWAY FROM THE STEPPES AND THE SPEEDING SLEIGH! HIS THOUGHTS ARE OF SONIA. HIS BRIDE-TO-BE! HE IS REMEMBERING THE DAY HE PROPOSED.
IN JANUARY, I WILL HAVE MY LEAVE, SONIA! TWO WHOLE WEEKS! WE WILL BE MARRIED THEN!
OH, YES, NETZKA! I WILL COUNT THE DAYS TILL YOU COME, MY DARLING!
THE OLD MAN BESIDE NETZKA TUGS AT HIS TUNIC, SHOCKING HIM OUT OF HIS THOUGHTS.
WHAT.. WHAT WILL WE DO NOW, SOLDIER? YOUR BULLETS ARE USED UP!
THAT IS RIGHT, OLD ONE! PERHAPS THEY WILL NOT COME AFTER US AGAIN!
NO! THEY WILL COME BACK! THEY WILL FOLLOW US ALL THE WAY! PACKS LIKE THAT ARE NEVER SATISFIED! THEIR HUNGER KNOWS NO BOUNDS!
THEN WE WILL HAVE TO FIGHT THEM OFF WITH OUR BARE HANDS!
I.. I HAVE A BETTER WAY, SOLDIER! HERE.. IN THIS PACKAGE!
WHAT IS IT, OLD ONE!
I.. GO TO LIVE WITH MY DAUGHTER! SHE IS RECENTLY WIDOWED! SHE IS VERY POOR! SHE AND HER THREE CHILDREN ARE STARVING! I.. I BRING THEM MEAT!
YOU HAVE MEAT IN THAT PACKAGE?
YES! IF.. IF I GIVE IT TO YOU DO YOU THINK IT WOULD HELP?
OF COURSE IT WILL, OLD ONE! OF COURSE! WE WILL THROW IT TO THEM WHEN THEY OVERTAKE US AGAIN! IT WILL STALL THEM A LITTLE LONGER!
4

ONCE AGAIN, THE BAYING GREY SHADOWS LEAP ACROSS THE GLISTENING SNOW AFTER THE SLEIGH...
HOW FAR NOW, IVAN?
NINE MILES, NETZKA! ONLY NINE MILES!
SOON THE BLOOD-THIRSTY ANIMALS ARE LEAPING ABOUT THE SLEIGH ONCE MORE, SNAPPING AT THE HORSE'S HOOVES, CLAWING AT THE SLEIGH-SIDES
THE MEAT! THROW THE MEAT!
THE MEAT IS HURLED INTO THE SNOW BEHIND THE SPEEDING SLEIGH! THE WOLVES TURN UPON IT SAVAGELY, FIGHTING FOR IT! THE OLD MAN WATCHES THE MELEE WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES...
I...I HAVE A LITTLE MONEY! I COULD BUY MORE FOR ANNA... IF...IF I GET THROUGH!
SEVEN MILES MORE! ONLY SEVEN!
THE WOMAN WITH THE CHILD TURNS TO IVAN, THE DRIVER...
WHY DO YOU DO THIS, IVAN? WHY DO YOU TAKE SUCH A CHANCE?
I, TOO, HAVE AN INFANT CHILD AT HOME, VANYA! AN INFANT NEEDS MILK!
BUT WE PAY YOU SO LITTLE!
IT IS ENOUGH FOR OLGA AND THE BABY! PERHAPS I WILL CHARGE MORE NEXT TIME... IF THERE IS A NEXT TIME!
THE YOUNG OFFICER POINTS OFF TOWARD THE HORIZON...
THERE IT IS! THERE IS THE TOWN! ONLY FIVE MILES AWAY!
SUDDENLY VANYA SCREAMS...
LOOK! THE WOLVES! THEY'RE COMING AGAIN!
WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
5

THE SLOBBERING, YELPING GREY SHADOWS STREAK ACROSS THE SNOW AFTER THE SLEIGH! THE DROOL SPILLS FROM THEIR FANGED JAWS! THEY JOSTLE AND SHOVE EACH OTHER, TRYING TO BE THE FIRST TO REACH THEIR QUARRY...



FEAR AND TERROR CLUTCH AT THE HEARTS OF PEOPLE IN THE SLEIGH...

BUT IVAN THE DRIVER IS NOT THINKING OF A WAY TO STALL THE WOLVES! HE IS THINKING OF OLGA AND THE BABY...AT HOME WITH NO MILK...

...AND THE OLD ONE IS THINKING OF HIS STARVING WIDOW DAUGHTER WITH THE THREE UNDERNOURISHED CHILDREN...

...VANYA IS THINKING OF HER HUSBAND WAITING FOR THEM...WAITING FOR THE CHILD HE HAS NEVER EVEN SEEN...

...AND NETZKA, TOO, WHEN HE TRIES TO THINK, SEES ONLY SONIA...HIS BRIDE-TO-BE...

BUT THE WOLVES ARE THINKING ONLY OF HOT BLOOD AND FRESH WARM MEAT, AND THEY HOWL AS THEY NEAR THE SLEIGH...

THE SNARLING, SNAPPING GREY-DEATHS LEAP UP AROUND THE SLEIGH! ONE OF THEM GASHES THE YOUNG OFFICER'S FACE.
YAAAAAAAAAH!
THERE IS A WAY! THERE IS A WAY!
THE DRIVER'S FACE IS WHITE, HIS EYES WIDE WITH TERROR AS HE SCREAMS OUT HIS PLAN
THE MEAT STOPPED THEM! ONE OF US COULD STOP THEM! IT'S ONLY A FEW MILES MORE! ONE OF US COULD SAVE THE OTHERS!
YOU'RE MAD, IVAN!
ONE OF THE WOLVES LANDS IN THE SLEIGH BUT A KICK SENDS HIM OFF! THE HORSE SHRIEKS IN PAIN...
IF THEY STOP THE HORSE, WE'LL ALL BE FINISHED! ONE OF US... A SACRIFICE IS THE ONLY WAY!
HO! HO!
HE'S RIGHT! IT'S ONE... OR ALL!
WHO? WHO WILL GO?
HURRY! BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! DECIDE!
IT TAKES ONLY A SPLIT SECOND TO MAKE THE DECISION! THE PEOPLE IN THE SLEIGH, LIKE THE ANIMALS OUTSIDE, SPRING UPON THEIR VICTIM... LIFT THE FIGURE . AND TOSS IT TO THE HOWLING SHADOWS...
EEAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!
AND WHILE THE PACK RIPS AND TEARS AT THE SACRIFICED ONE, THE SLEIGH SPEEDS ON TOWARD THE TOWN — AND SAFETY—
HEH, HEH! YEP! THAT'S MY STORY, KIDDIES! THE REST GOT THROUGH ALL RIGHT BUT... HUH? WHO DID THEY TOSS OVERBOARD? WELL, I'LL TELL YOU! WHEN I GOT THERE, THERE WASN'T ENOUGH LEFT TO TELL WHO IT WAS! ER... WHO DO YOU THINK? HEH, HEH! YEP! YOU'RE RIGHT! WELL WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAG, TALES FROM THE CRYPT, WITH MORE UGH-TALES! 'BYE, NOW!

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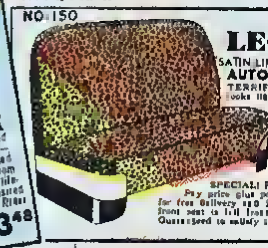

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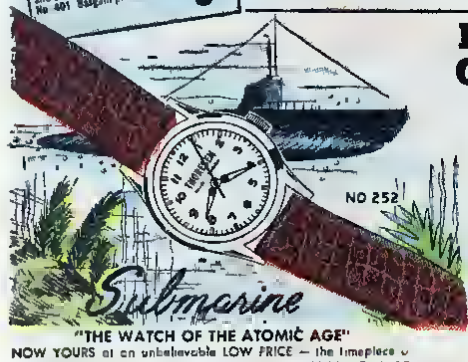

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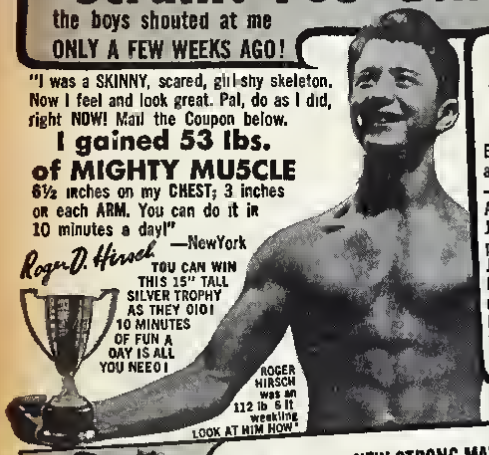

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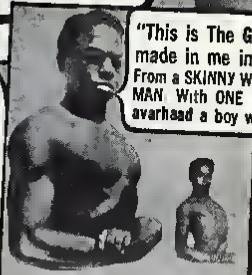

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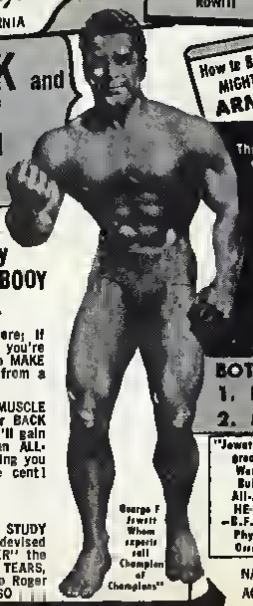

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